

# Going somewhere

**John Dillinger**

Clock strikes eight up on a Monday  
Got to bed half past five  
Can't remember Saturday or Sunday  
Life is grandDoesn't it feel good to be alive  
When you're going somewhere  
Going somewherePaint the food through bricks and mortar  
Bide my time trying to have some fun  
Half past ten I drink a little water  
Time stands stillI'm seeing my future slip through my hands  
Watch the wind whip through desert sand  
Then I remember I'm no ordinary man  
And I'm going somewhere  
Going somewhereIt's been years since I was a builder  
Working with my head and hands  
Dreams of crystal, glass and silver  
Gold flashing pastSo tantalizing, the things that I've seen  
I know you know exactly what I mean  
Can't ever look back to where you've been  
When you're going somewhere  
Going somewhereClock strikes eight up on a Monday  
Got to bed half past five  
Can't remember Saturday or Sunday  
But life is grandDoesn't it feel good to be alive  
To laugh until the tears roll from your eyes  
I'll drink to your health from five miles high  
And I'm going somewhere  
Going somewhere  
Going somewhere  
Going somewhere

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